



Poolside 2003 | XX

Poolside

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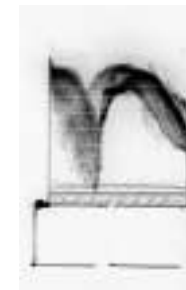
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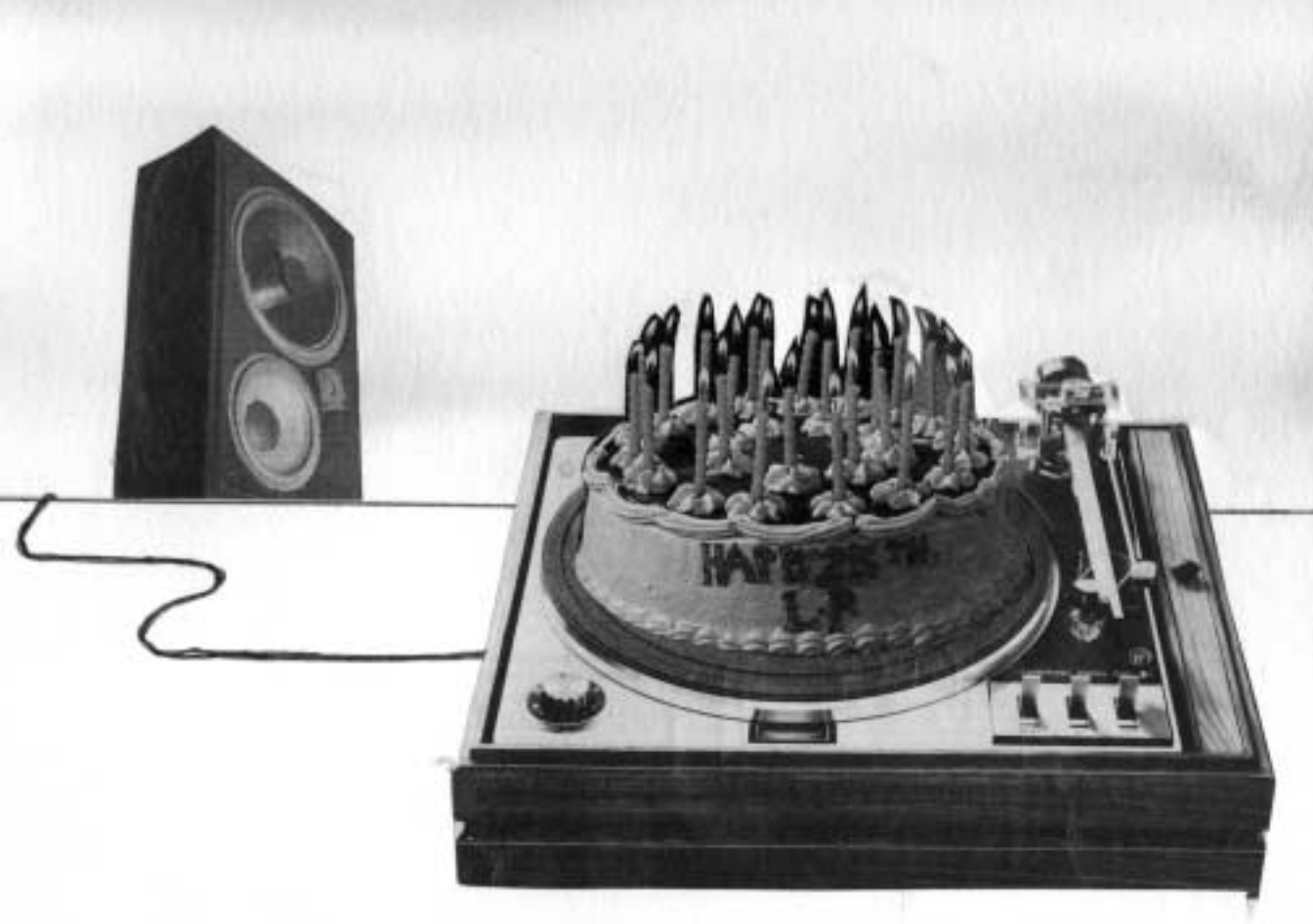


Preface



In 2003, Video Pool celebrated its 20th year as an artist-run video production centre. As one of the first media technology facilities in the country, Video Pool's history can be seen as a barometer in the constantly shifting world of media production, charting its trends and progress, artistic successes and technological frustrations over two decades of innovation, creativity, and costly equipment upgrades.

This anniversary edition of *Poolside* is book-ended by two very different essays, one that looks forward and one harking back. The introductory essay by Armin Medosch is a formal examination of the issues faced by media practitioners in an often bewildering sea of technology, growing more vast and complex by the minute. This essay is a reprint of a text commissioned for the DMZ Media Arts festival in London, UK this past November, and it traces the development of new



media in light of ongoing pressures exerted over media artists by the dueling worlds of contemporary (“fine”) art and commerce. In looking at the myriad factors at play in the stuff that artists produce, Medosch provides a reminder to also question how a technologically-based art practice is in constant danger of being compromised by its very tools and the industries (both cultural and corporate) that control those tools.

Medosch lays the groundwork for an ethically-based practice, predicated on a belief in a rewarding future as technology and its tools continue to blossom. But anniversaries are as much about where we’ve come from as where we’re headed. The companion book-end to this year’s Poolside is an irreverent reminder of the early days of video in Winnipeg, and the birth of Video Pool; this is where the real party begins in this anniversary issue, and you will intentionally be deposited there as this edition draws to a close. But before you get there, a series of well-considered reviews highlight the past year’s activities at the Pool: several screenings of touring video programs (My Heart and Eternal Network); another incarnation of the Canada/UK Video exchange hosted by South London Gallery in London, UK; an experiment in video as public art (the Crowds project at this year’s Winnipeg Fringe Festival); and another inspiring run of send + receive.

It’s anniversary time, folks, and it’s equally about the future and the past. Cheers —

Christabel Wiebe, EDITOR





Photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

Introduction to Media Art

This text is an excerpt from LONDON.ZIP — Digital Media Art In London, mapped and compressed by Armin Medosch. It was written for the DMZ Media Arts Festival, 14th and 15th of November 2003, funded by Arts Council England and Film London. The festival celebrated the firewall-free mapping of media arts and the diversity of screen- and network-based cultural practices in London with an exhibition, screenings, talks, installations, wireless networks, net art, live performances, workshops, stalls, and a tea lounge. You can find the full length version of this essay at: <http://www.dmzlondon.net/londonzip.html>

In the 1960s the group Experiments in Art and Technology (EAT) brought the debris of scientific progress, the fall-out of nuclear deterrence, and space exploration into the museum and reclaimed it for art. The Korean artist Nam June Paik started to play with TV sets, this most iconic device of the emerging consumer society, and turned them into sculptures. Since then the field of media art has evolved into a multitude of branches and sub-disciplines.

Even though media art now has its own festivals, publications, and university courses, the title of an early show by EAT at Brooklyn



ARMIN MEDOSCH is a London-based writer, curator and artist. He co-founded the online magazine Telepolis and co-edited it from 1996 to 2002. In 2003 he published *Dive*, a collection of material by Kingdom of Piracy, and *Free Networks — Freie Netze*, a book (in German) about wireless community networks.

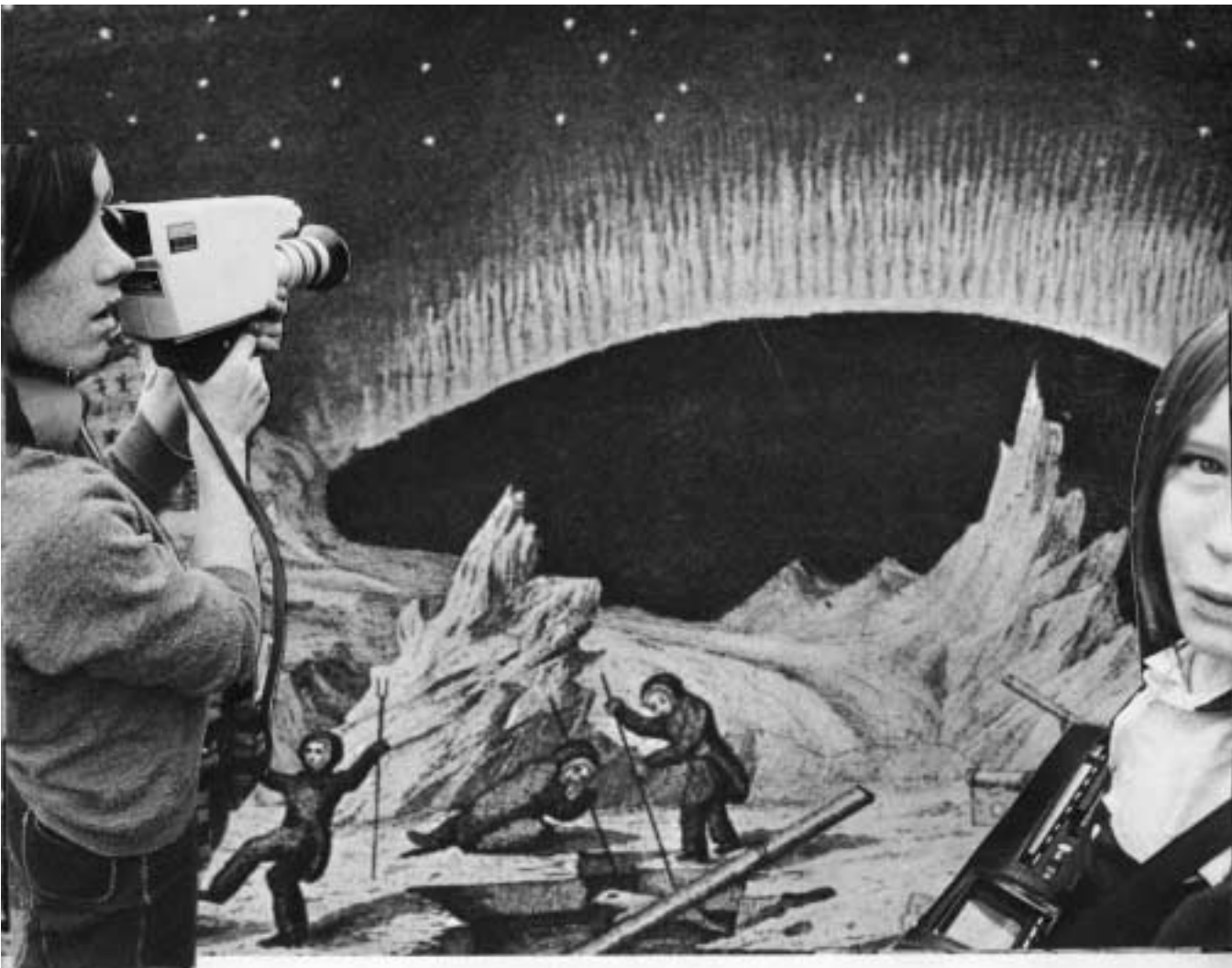


Photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

Museum, *Some More Beginnings*, seems to describe the present situation just as well as it did the past. As a genre, media art stumbles as much as it innovates. Because it crosses over into areas of science and technology, it is considered a complex matter. By definition interdisciplinary, it has connections with the information and communication technology (ICT) industry, science, the art world and the creative industries, but it is not really a full member of any of these clubs. Rather than having a core identity, its connections with different parts of society give it a composite character. Hybrid identities, fluid realities, and constant re-adjustment have become part of the routine.

Media art has both benefited and suffered from its proximity to ICT. Artists have to cope with the flood of products from the industry, as well as the boom and bust cycles it goes through. The availability of cheap consumer technology is a precondition for media art. At the same time, skills gained in the use of machinery, of hard and softwares, are of potential dual-use: commercial work and artwork. During the boom of the late '90s many (but not all) media artists used to do part-time work in the industry, cross-financing their artistic activities. In addition, they often benefited from in-kind sponsorship — for example, being allowed to use high-end machinery during idle times. Occasionally the industry even provided direct sponsorship. But this support comes at a price. Sometimes the media art community seems like a creative village from which the ICT industry can suck in

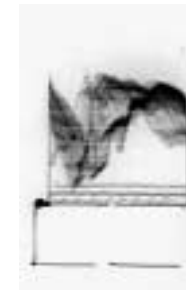




new ideas and innovative practices on the cheap. But this ambiguous relationship does not alter the fact that artists are intent on retaining their artistic autonomy and that their work follows a rationale very different from that of the industry.

Similarly complex is the relationship with the “operating system” of arts. Some media artists come from a fine arts background, and on a personal level there are often strong relationships between media artists and visual artists. But the art world in general — it goes without saying that such generalisations always have a limited validity — was and is reluctant to accept media art. Harsh accusations have been flying from both sides. Media artists are “considered to have no awareness of their relation to art history or theory — they are perceived as being concerned only with the ‘newness’ of technology.”¹ In turn, the art world is accused of being technologically ignorant and of clinging to archaic notions of individualism, originality, and authorship. And whereas the work of some media artists now gets commissioned and collected by museums, others are intent on keeping themselves outside this system.

At the more “political” end of the media art spectrum there is a perception that the art system is inherently corrupt, too corrupt to be bothered with at all. Others simply don’t care if what they do is art or not. There are less glamorous but perhaps equally important sides of media art. Examples include community media activism, where artists deploy media in specific situations as an activist tool, and



¹ Simon Pope, email to the author, 06/10/03.



Photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

skills transfer, in which educators use their artistic background to help others find their feet in creative work. As dissident voices in an uptight commercial landscape, community media activists refuse to be subsumed under the “creative industries” label or to take their celebrated “creativity” to market as “cultural entrepreneurs.” Many of these non-commercial projects run entirely on volunteer work and donated hardware, while some of the money is not from arts bodies at all but rather regional development funding.

While there are many ways in which media art lends itself to instrumentalisation or co-optation, it necessarily exists within a mesh of symbiotic relationships. Attempting to maintain a sense of autonomy, it insists on its special opt-out clause, resisting total absorption by any one of the host cultures with which it cross-breeds.

DIY TECHNOLOGISTS

Taking this complexity into account, one thing that seems to hold it together — that makes it meaningful to speak of media art at all — is a close, complex, and often critical relationship with new media technologies and the market forces that drive their dissemination. Media artists work with both old and new media. A community radio station with a 10 Watt FM transmitter can be as valuable a tool as the latest wireless data networking technology. Sometimes old and new media are combined to surprising effects. Technologies that are considered redundant by the mainstream of society are given a sec-





ond life. Recycling of redundant hardware, experimenting with free and open source software, and developing new technologies and new media with a DIY approach feature strongly in current media art practice. A creative approach to the technology is often necessary because commercial products do not contain functions needed for a particular project. But such practicalities aside, the DIY approach contains also a political message: Everybody can jump over the consumer/producer barrier. The technologies that surround us, inform us, and structure more and more aspects of our lives can be actively shaped by the people who use them. Far from being just something we have to accept as if they had fallen from the sky, we can mould technologies, invert and subvert them, explore unintended uses and so drive their development into more desirable directions.

This does not mean that media artists should be seen only as a tech-savvy avant-garde that “test drives the future.”² Such a viewpoint would not sufficiently take into account the way media artists understand themselves as embedded in a socio-cultural context, pioneering not just new technologies but rooting them in communities and peer-based collaborations. The way technology is used by communities in specific situations and contexts can be far more important than its naked technical efficiency. This “other” way of conceptualising the tools of modern communication often dictates that people come together and share skills and knowledge in order to achieve common goals. Whether as an explicit goal or as a side-



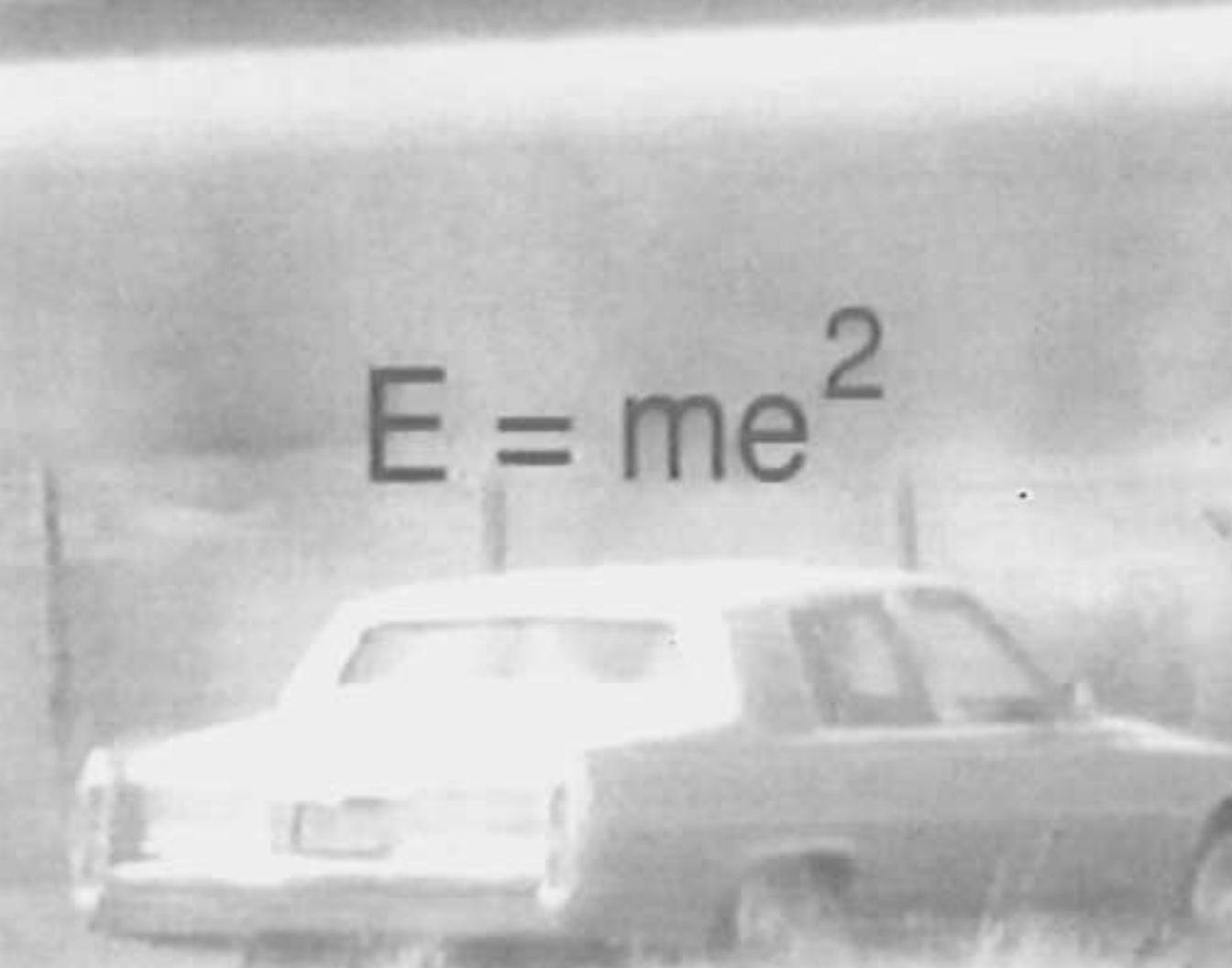
² Simon Pope, “Art Is Everything That Business Is Not.” *In Ways of Working: Placing Artists in Business Contexts*, CD-ROM, Arts Council of England Collaborative Arts unit, 2001.



effect of the project in question, knowledge transfer and (self) education are important notions in media art.

Working with technology is not an end in itself but a way of asserting and exercising basic freedoms such as communications freedom, media freedom, and free association. By facilitating access and engagement, many media artists work to increase opportunities for everyone to participate in a more egalitarian, more democratic media society.





WENDY COBURN My Heart Divine, 2001, 04:00

My Heart

The twenty-one short videos that comprise My Heart were screened by Video Pool on February 14, 2003 at the Standard Movie House. Visiting artist Nikki Forrest introduced the program.

The relationship between human beings and our hearts, those throbbing, two-fisted masses of muscle that live inside each of us, is fraught with the knowledge of our mortality. The constant lub-dubbing in our chests is both companionable and ominous as it counts down the minutes, hours, and years that are left to us. It is the sound — proof — of our life, and its silence will be the sound — proof — of our death. Not surprisingly, in light of its importance to our very survival, the heart has loomed large in mythology and metaphor throughout history. A painting of a mammoth, created 25,000 years ago by a Cro-Magnon, positions a red valentine-shape at the animal's core. Perhaps this artist-ancestor sought to leave behind a how-to diagram of where to aim one's spear, for heart wounds almost certainly result

SHAWNA DEMPSEY and her collaborator Lorri Millan work in a variety of media, including video. They say they want to change the world through their art but really they just want to be loved.





ANNIE MARTIN *My Heart the Artist*, 2001, 01:35

in death. Or perhaps it is a picture of the mammoth's essence, the heart of the beast contributing to an identity that is bigger and truer than outward appearances.

More explicit, multiple meanings for our bodies' blood pump have been recorded since the advent of written language. The ancient Egyptians saw the heart as a vessel of truth, and weighed the organ after death to determine how much honesty and wisdom it contained. The Babylonians, seemingly expert in human nature, positioned evil, intellect, and love side-by-side within it. But it was the scholars of ancient China, practical in nature, who inadvertently struck upon one of the most resonant metaphors for the heart. They determined that bad ideas have a detrimental effect on the lungs, but much more seriously, acting on bad ideas can cause heart failure. No doubt all of us who have been victim to heartbreak (whether the result of our own bad actions or the actions of others) can attest to the truth in that. There are other types of death, but the loss of love is surely the most painful.

Into this history of the heart, set down in images and words, comes a group of artist-friends living in Montreal at the turn of the second millennium. Annie Martin had an idea for a short video about the persistent power of love — the willingness to put one's hand into the flame over and over again, despite the knowledge of burnt flesh. Appropriately, she got together with her ex-lover, Nikki Forrest, to discuss the piece. *My Heart the Gambler* unfolded in their minds as





DEBORAH VAN SLET My Heart: the Meteorologist, 2001, 03:08

they talked. It could be one in a series, they decided. There are many hearts, and each could be described as a different profession.

The grandfather of cardiology, seventeenth-century English physician William Harvey, deemed the heart "The Sovereign." The creators of the first seven tapes in the *My Heart* series named it "The Gambler," "The Electrician," "The Optometrist," "The Artist," "The Rock Star," "The Philosopher," and "The Bureaucrat." Uncensored and uncurated, the collection of videos is not collaborative like the *Exquisite Corpse* (a form of art-making in which each creator contributes a discrete element which is combined to form a whole). Rather, it is comprised of distinct organs belonging to different bodies. Each heart can stand alone or together with the other hearts, part of an ongoing conversation between friends about what it means to love and to be loved.

Visually spare and elegant, these videos are narrated by tentative, first-person voices looking for truth and meaning amidst the damp, sticky mess of our hearts and lives. Miraculously, the tapes evade even a hint of sentimentality or its evil twin, cynicism. The stylish visuals are clean and clear in their metaphoric meaning, and the achingly personalized vignettes give the viewer just enough information to make their own conceptual leaps.

Nikki Forrest's *My Heart The Electrician* depicts the lighting of a series of matches, illuminating the black screen. The flames of desire? Enlightenment? Over this beautiful recurrent gesture, Forrest





NELSON HENRICKS *My Heart the Optometrist*, 2001, 00:45

tells a story familiar to anyone who grew up in the post-Edison world: being told as a child to stop flicking the light switch. As both the subject of the story and the viewer are plunged into darkness, there is despair. Visceral, perhaps even carnal experience has been denied; all that remains is ignorance and silence.

My Heart The Optometrist is constructed around a single shot, a figure (auteur Nelson Henricks) coming slowly into focus. The voice-over narrative tells of a quest for beautiful boys, impeded by the treachery of near-sightedness. The image reveals itself to be a cartoonish grotesque, clearly not idealized youth. Desire has been merely a projection; desire does not last. By embodying the object of the lust-quest while enacting the subject position of the voice-over, Henricks exposes the many paradoxes of desire. We seek ourselves in the other, yet we want most what we do not have. And once we have it (whatever it may be), it is no longer as desirable.

In Annie Martin's *My Heart The Artist* a hand is repeatedly proffered, offering different gifts. The text speaks of the tension between giving and receiving, demanding and expecting, cloaked in convoluted theoretical language. The art student struggles with the circularity of logic until brought up short by the question, "Why do we make art?" With heart-breaking honesty she replies, "So that people will love us," simultaneously adding new dimensions to the previously hollow discourse. Like a lightning bolt, the unspoken idea is manifest. Yes, art is a gift, and yes, there is expectation and need: look at





WAYNE YUNG My Heart the Travel Agent, 2002, 01:30

us, our hearts, love us. The *My Heart* series enacts, guilelessly, what may very well lie at the root of each of our practices: to be revealed, to be seen, to be loved.

There are many *My Hearts*, twenty-one to date, and more forthcoming. The project has spread beyond the Plateau in Montreal, and now encompasses artists from across the nation. The quality of the tapes vary, but there are moments of crystalline truth in each, and some, such as Wendy Coburn's *My Heart Divine*, burn as brightly as *My Heart The Electrician's* flame. The project is ongoing, with more tapes nearing completion and a standing invitation to all video producers to add their thoughts and hearts to the mix. As such, the series might never be finished. The yearning heart and its tangle of capillaries and implications will continue to command our lives and attention, as it has since the advent of our species. Each of our hearts will beat an average of three billion times in our lifetime and then will stop. But the questions we pose and the art we give, like that offered up by the *My Heart* videomakers, are larger than lifetimes.





DAY MILMAN Anxiety Resonator, 2002, 04:00

Video Past and Present: Three Perspectives



Usually, when trying to assess whether or not I like an object, I find that I feel more comfortable viewing said object in a mirror, or photographed, as in the pages of a magazine. It is as if my own eyes are not enough; I need a second lens through which to evaluate an object's appeal. In much the same way, artists use the video camera as an extension of the eye, as it provides the opportunity to deal with issues such as identity, control, and freedom (or lack thereof) through other perspectives. This past spring and summer in London, I had the chance to experience three facets of video, from pioneers of the art form through to contemporary practitioners on both sides of the Atlantic.

Video Acts: single channel works from the collections of Pamela and Richard Kramlich and New Art Trust was exhibited this summer at London's ICA after travelling from P.S.1 in New York. Although it

ANDREA CARSON is a writer and curator with a specific interest in video art. She recently returned to Toronto after six years in London, UK and is currently working with Monte Clark gallery.

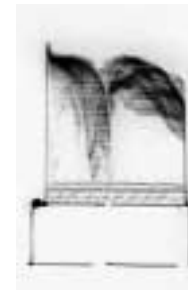


WILLIAM WEGMAN Deodorant Commercial (from Selected Works 1970–78), 1972, 01:00
Courtesy of the William Wegman Studio

was refreshing to see such extensive treatment of video in a gallery setting, the exhibition was overwhelming; monitor after monitor was displayed over the gallery's four exhibition spaces, each showing a seminal artwork from the early days of the medium, by the likes of Vito Acconci, Marina Abramovic and Ulay, Joan Jonas, Tony Oursler, John Baldessari, and Bruce Nauman, among others.

The exhibition highlighted the theme of self-obsession in early video work, and the possibilities offered by the medium for assessment and examination of human behavior (which has provided a basis for the direction taken by many of today's video artists). The advent of video gave artists a new perspective that tied neatly into performance, often exposing brutal honesty alongside vulnerability. One of the most humorous examples is William Wegman's *Deodorant Commercial* (from *Selections: 1970–78*), wherein the artist, shirtless, delivers a monotonous description of the advantages of the aerosol deodorant with which he is continually spraying his underarm. It's a seemingly simple image, but as minutes pass, the spraying continues and the viewer is taken on an emotional roller coaster ride from initial expectation to boredom, humour, discomfort, disgust, and fascination.

The ability to manipulate the viewer's emotions with such intimate intensity is what contributes to our ongoing fascination with video, then as now. Despite our post-modern awareness of cinematic trickery, it remains in our nature to relate to the moving image as

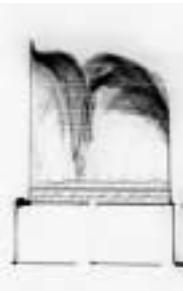




DANIEL COCKBURN *Metronome*, 2002, 10:40

actual, contemporaneous experience. This tendency to view moving images as “real” allows the artist to significantly alter the viewer’s perceptions, often through the degree to which we are allowed engagement. The result is usually a profound lack of certainty of what is real, an effect perhaps most strongly illustrated by the work of Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller.

Canadian video both takes advantage of and excels at treading a line of uncertain reality. From April 10–13, 2003, South London Gallery hosted the annual *Canada/uk Video Exchange Program*, and I was struck by the relaxed confidence, sensitivity, and — most importantly — the conceptual rigour of the Canadian work. As a medium that, at its best, has more in common with conceptual art than traditional film, the Canadian work left aside the superficial characteristics of video and went beyond, often using daily experience as a starting point. Highlights included Robert Morin’s hour-long, bewilderingly ambiguous narrative of personal history, wherein a voice-over rendered alternately in quick-fire English and French entangles the viewer in a web of half-truths; and Sylvie Laliberte’s wonderfully poetic song and dance, the childlike gestures of which jarred with the heartrending lyrics of the soundtrack — a bittersweet reflection on the fractured nature of female experience. By contrast, the uk work succeeded best by providing what was a thorough, yet ultimately superficial examination of the possibilities of the medium, as in Paul Bush’s *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, where the





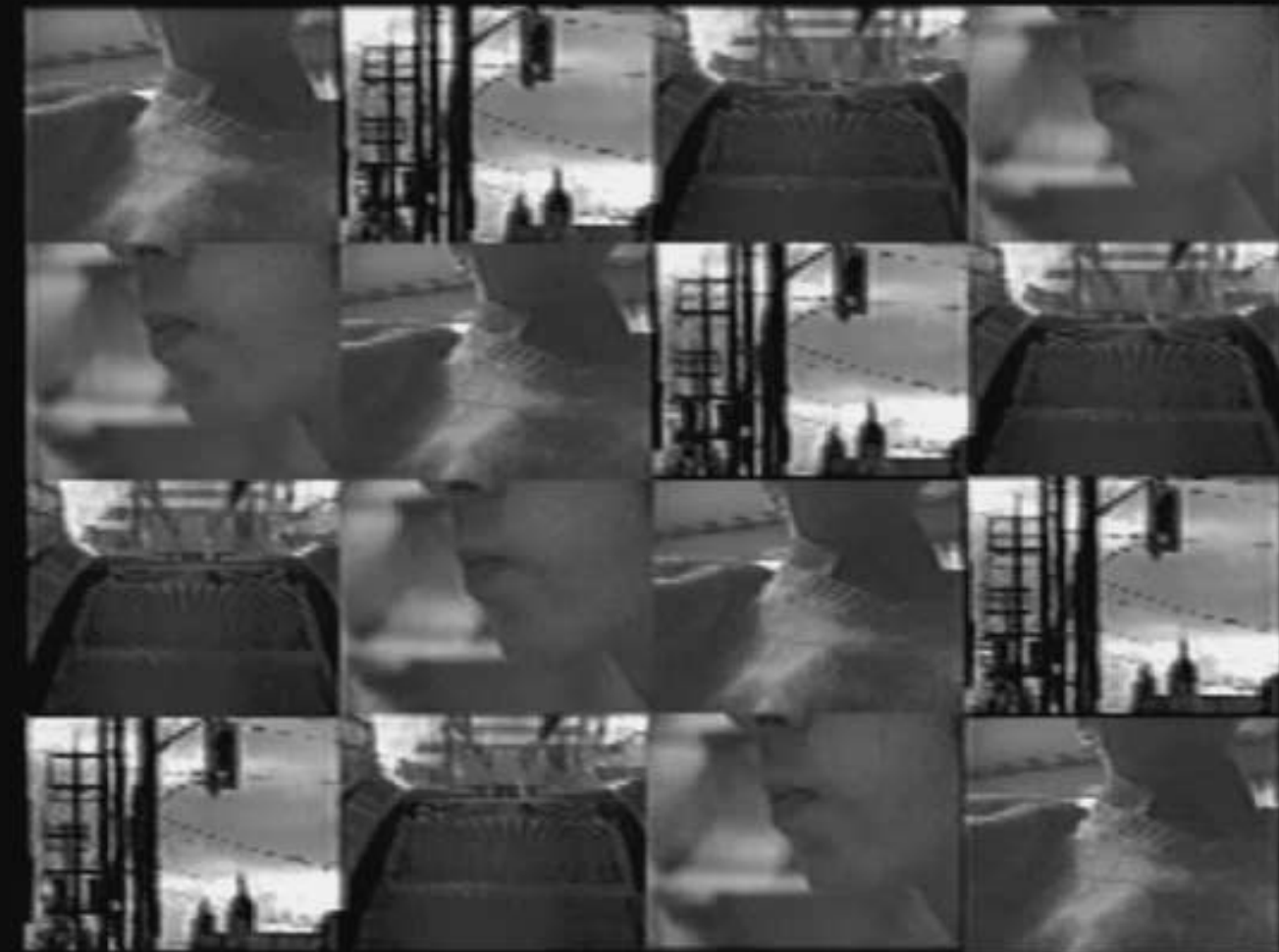
BENNY NEMEROFSKY RAMSAY | I am a Boy Band, 2002, 05:10

characters are brought to life with staccato editing; or Theodore Tagholm's beautiful *Photographic Memory*, where the images are intensified, inciting the viewer to commit them to memory.

A more intimate evening of screenings at the Canadian High Commission on May 8, 2003 seemed to reinforce these thoughts. The mainly British audience of artists, editors, and curators viewed Canadian works such as Daniel Cockburn's *Metronome* (which explores time-related theories while parodying the voiceover style of the cult Hollywood movie *Fight Club*), Benny Nemerofsky Ramsay's *I Am a Boy Band* (a hilarious parody of cliché boy band gesticulations, underscoring the very real alienation a camera lens creates between human beings in media culture), and Day Milman's *Anxiety Resonator* (filmed in real-time, with edits so subtle and to which we are so accustomed in film and television as to be almost imperceptible).

In addition to the experience of time, the idea of the relationship between the visual and aural has also been used to powerful effect in recent video work. Two Canadian contemporaries that come to mind are Winnipeg-based artist Val Klassen, and Torontonion Jubal Brown. Brown's work (which was included in the Canadian High Commission screening) overwhelms the viewer with an excess of intricately spliced images, edited so short as to be almost subliminal. An accompanying techno soundtrack engages the viewer's hearing, but since the visuals allow for minimal engagement, the viewer is forced



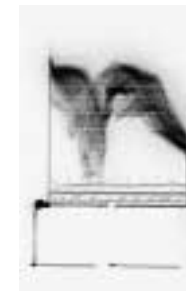


DANIEL COCKBURN *Metronome*, 2002, 10:40

to submit to the despotism of the artist. The visual and aural elements are thus separated and a sense of alienation occurs, suggesting Debord's idea of the spectacle as "capital accumulated to the point where it becomes image."¹

Val Klassen's *Spider Party*, which was featured in the South London Gallery program, uses visual/aural separation to generate an almost converse effect, in a much less aggressive manner. A group of spiders buzz and hover above the surface of a shimmering lake and, once the visual aspect has been absorbed, one slowly becomes aware of the soundtrack, which at first seems to relate to the visual. As the work progresses, we realize that the humming sound is actually a performance by a choral group, and the separation and connection between humans and insects becomes suddenly apparent. The work is delicate, sensitive, and amazingly powerful in its effect.

It is interesting to view new Canadian video in light of the influential Kramlich collection at the ICA, which provided a look at the foundations of the art form and the progression in experimental process that defines today's work. In Canada, this process is aided by the support of artist-run spaces such as Video Pool, Vtape, Pleasure Dome, and G.I.V., which continue to be instrumental in enabling Canadian artists to work with a certain assured creative freedom that comes through in their video work. This confidence becomes a particularly strong asset when the work is viewed abroad,



1 Guy Debord. *Society of the Spectacle*. Trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith. New York, NY: Zone Books, 1995. p. 24



VAL KLASSEN Spider Party, 2000. 03:06

although I found that the divisive programming of the Canada/uk exchange meant that the works' country of origin dominated my judgment. Despite the inherent problems in grouping works of art by geographical location, all art must necessarily be informed by aspects of the artist's identity. Non-specific and obscure these may be, but as an expatriate, it was refreshing to see a group of altogether excellent work being presented as "Canadian."





HO TAM BUS No. 7, 2001, 03:00

Crowds Project



Cities are our greatest artefacts. They are centres for commerce and industry, technology and research, and of society and culture. As our societies become increasingly urban, our art production reflects this shift. While public art is by no means a contemporary phenomenon, technology has allowed for new media to represent the city in the city. In Winnipeg, this was exemplified by Video Pool's series of four short video works that were projected outdoors on an exterior wall of the Line-Up Cafe for three nights during the 2003 Fringe Festival.

Every year, more Winnipeggers travel through their city by car with just enough time to glance at billboards full of ads, the price of gas, and how many billions have been served. This has made reclaiming public space, and building social connections in those spaces, difficult. How often do we take a step back and view a street scene — not just a single building or person, but a series of buildings, sidewalks, trees,

MOLLY JOHNSON is a Winnipeg pedestrian. Walking keeps her happier, healthier, and more connected to her hometown.



RICHARD HAMILTON Times Square, 2002, 02:40

and people? How often do we voluntarily stop in the city and watch the flow of traffic on the street, on the sidewalk, or even on the river? As we spend our days criss-crossing the urban landscape, how often are we delighted by the unexpected?

When you cause an anonymous driver to pull over to the side of the road and look up at what you are doing, you know you are attracting attention. Gabriel Schroedter was certain he had achieved one of the goals of Video Pool's *Crowds* project while he was testing the mechanics of outdoor video projection from the roof of one building onto the wall of another. From his rooftop vantage point, he observed a man stop his vehicle and call a friend to describe what he was watching. This passerby was surprised by the chance to see moving images projected in, what seemed to him, an unusual place.

We watch video in darkened rooms, theatres, and other contained spaces, and they usually become the focus of our attention. Normally, they are not just one aspect of a larger landscape; they are the landscape in a darkened abyss. Of the dozens of video works suggested for the *Crowds* project, four pieces were selected. By projecting them onto the exterior surface of a building, in a very public space, they temporarily changed the backdrop, the landscape, and the environment.

From the veneration of a childhood landmark in Ho Tam's *Bus No. 7*, to the flow of traffic in public spaces in Richard Hamilton's *Times Square*, to the lyric exploration of our hinterland in Brenna George's





BRENNA GEORGE Open, 2002, 02:30

Open, to the rhythm of people-watching in Brigitte Dajczer's *Plamondon*, the subject was the living city. Though presented from different perspectives, scales, and speeds, all of the works were about traveling inside and outside the urban landscape. Both the content of the works and the act of projection remind us that cities are not staid and catalogued artefacts. They are moving, breathing, humming, whirring entities.

When cities become the subject of artistic production, we begin to understand their dynamism and richness. Whether following the routine journey of a Hong Kong bus in Tam's *Bus No. 7*, or viewing a portrait of anonymous individuals at a Montreal metro station in Dajczer's *Plamondon*, the videos selected for the *Crowds* project illustrate the relationships we have with cities. Through the outdoor projection of the works, the *Crowds* project illustrated not only the artists' documentation and interpretation of the city, but also how public art serves to engage citizens and enrich our urban experience.

William H. Whyte noted in *The Social Life of Small Urban Spaces* that "all kinds of activities will draw a crowd."¹ It is clear that music and theatre can attract an audience, but did the unexpected projection of four short videos draw a crowd? While the adjacent Fringe activities attracted the public to the space, the tree cover had grown so thick by mid-July that the projection was not visible from Market Square. Only those venturing away from the loud and bustling park were treated to what became, thanks to the foliage, a more intimate and gentle surrounding.



¹ William H. Whyte. *The Social Life of Small Urban Spaces*. Washington, D. C. : The Conservation Foundation, 1980. p. 97



RICHARD HAMILTON Times Square, 2002. 02:40

Whyte maintains that people “go to lively places where there are many people.” And they go there by choice, “not to escape the city, but to partake of it.”² Winnipeg’s urban renaissance may not quite have reached fever pitch, but the Exchange District has become a hub of cultural, educational, entrepreneurial, and co-operative activity. The public is certainly reclaiming this space. Video Pool’s *Crowds* project can be seen as one binding element in the fabric of a city reborn. Next year, maybe more people will stop their cars and contemplate the city and the art it inspires. There is hope that in the future, public art will provide a counter-balance to the commercial billboards and fluorescent lighting in our contemporary urban landscape.

2 Ibid, p. 100.





GENERAL IDEA Press Conference, 1977, 07:00

Western Edge — Video from the Front

Eternal Network — Video from the Western Front Archives, 1973 to 2001 was commissioned to mark the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of Western Front. A group of four curators was invited to visit the Western Front, write about the video archive, and select works for a series of four screenings. The selected video works and writings were compiled as an anniversary publication and touring exhibition that began in March 2003.

In September 2003, Video Pool Media Arts Centre presented the curated retrospective, *Eternal Network — Video from the Western Front Archives, 1973 to 2001* at Ace Art. It was an eclectic, largely pre-digital mix of video art that illustrated several of the prevailing trends from the medium's analog birth to its recent digital past. Themes of identity politics were common, and these often had obvious roots in, or directly sprang from, the world of performance art.

Among the artists included were: Rita McKeough, Margaret Dragu, Lorri Millan and Shawna Dempsey, Kathy Acker, Elizabeth



CLIVE HOLDEN is a filmmaker, video artist, and writer living in Winnipeg.



GENERAL IDEA Press Conference, 1977, 07:00

van der Zaag, Tom Sherman, Nobuo Kubota, Marie Chouinard, Paul Wong, Ken Fletcher, Shawn Chappelle, Vera Frenkel, and Mona Hatoum. The four segments were curated by Aiyana Maracle, Cooper Battersby and Emily Vey Duke, Nicole Gingras and Richard Fung. In order to summarize *Eternal Network — Video from the Western Front Archives, 1973 to 2001*, it could be said that the works were “book-ended” by two videos: *Press Conference* by General Idea (1977), and *Trans* by Shawn Chappelle (1995).

Press Conference is a mock press conference in which three young white male suit-wearing artists are asked earnest questions about the current state of art in the world. They answer in deadpan, patient, cadenced sentences, and the basic joke is that this would never happen, that the media and society in general are indifferent to “art” except when it becomes a high-priced commodity. The work is well produced in “broadcast-quality” video, successfully taking the mickey out of that era’s most monolithic of media, and video art’s estranged parent: television. It’s a successfully witty and intelligent work, although unfortunately the “it’s all about money” ha-ha ending undercuts this to some degree.

Trans, at another set of extremes, is overtly (almost exaggeratedly) “digital” and is less concertedly cool or conceptual, more alarmed and more engaged. Quick-cut jet airliners loudly land and take off over dire suburban landscapes. The colours are distorted and the contrast is boosted in images of low altitude flights over rows of

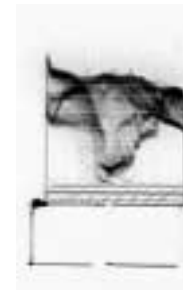




SHAWN CHAPPELLE Trans, 1995, 05:00

homely house rooftops. All the while camera shutters click, and text appears as semi-conscious flashes in a chaotic mix: “speed,” “scorch,” and “consume.” This work successfully dramatizes a later reality that is networked at best, white-noise-chaotic at worst. It’s a bit too long and could be more subtle, but perhaps that could be said for life in general in the post-modern nineties.

Two short years on, from the vantage point of 2003, video/media-based art is being quickly transformed by the possibilities of newly affordable, high-quality digital tools (which is a sentence that is already becoming hopelessly hackneyed). Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that we’re in a time of rapid technological change, and new technologies have always resulted in new art forms. One general observation from having viewed this show: rather than seeing the “old” and the “new” in opposition to each other, it would seem that combining the conceptual strengths of earlier video art with the best of the current trend towards a “digital formalism” should produce exciting results in the near future. While it’s difficult to see exactly where this will all go, *Eternal Network — Video from the Western Front Archives, 1973 to 2001* is a useful and timely tool to show us part of where we’ve come from.





send + receive, photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

send + receive: Standing and Delivering



A good indication of *send + receive*'s current standing with the public at large came to me from an unlikely source: my mother. She was aware of the festival, and even knew it had something to do with audio art, but she thought it was called "Stand and Deliver." She also confessed to a dim understanding of exactly what sound art is, and though curious about it, was not quite curious enough to go and check out a performance or two to find out. That's neither a criticism of my mother nor of the allure of this year's *send + receive* advertising campaign, but a mere statement of fact.

That my mother, and presumably hundreds of others like her, is aware that a festival like *send + receive* even exists, is big. Huge, even, and a testimonial to the hard work of artistic director Steve Bates and the staff and volunteers involved in mounting the six-year-old affair. It means that in another six years, or at least in six more after

CAELUM VATNSDAL is a Winnipeg filmmaker and writer. His next book, *They Came From Within*, is about Canadian horror films, and his next movie will be about the Fairway Goblin.



send + receive, photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

that, the festival's audiences may include such people as my mom, and people much squarer and less adventurous than her. (My mother, for the record, is herself neither square nor unadventurous, but — barring any problems with the CBC radio transmitter — is nevertheless not the type to voluntarily sit and listen to a half hour of static.)

Shifting the focus of this essay from my mother to the object of her benign curiosity, *send + receive*, we ought first to ask the very basic question of what sound art is. Discussing this in an article for *Poolside* may seem a bad case of preaching to the choir, but I think it's important for anyone, no matter how much an expert they consider themselves on the subject, to ask that question regularly, because sound art is so elusive and fluid a concept. It's at once a simple equation (sound + art = sound art, after all) and, to me anyway, a profoundly mutable medium of near-ungraspable complexity. (So as not to proceed under any illusions, it should be stated that I myself am a neophyte in the arena of click and pop and buzz: an interested but no less unschooled outsider.)

So what is it, this audio art? I think it's best defined by what it sits on the borders of, and connects to, and spills into and across. Sound art is not, but is close to and to varying degrees overlaps with music, performance, video, film, sculpture, painting, and poetry, and probably a good deal more. Sound art seems modern and new, especially since these days it's most often carried out behind an open laptop, but in fact it might be counted among the most ancient of media. After all,



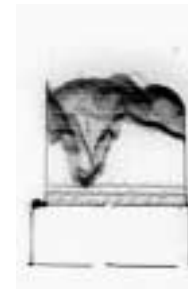


send + receive, photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

it could have been carried on quite comfortably in a pre-linguistic society, with grunting cavemen banging rocks on each others' heads to produce a cacophony of hollow thudding sounds. But the people who make it nowadays are, broadly speaking, technophiles who must've been hypnotized at an early age by the sound of their Rice Krispies. There are exceptions: Phillip Jeck, a British turntablist of a certain age who performed at this year's festival, brought his components only on mini-disc because it was prohibitively expensive to bring the vinyl he loves so well. The show was excellent, I thought, but it was clear that Jeck would have been happier ranging between a score of swirling records, like a plate-spinner on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, than sitting and clicking away at his laptop.

This year's *send + receive* festival is the sixth, which means it's over the festival hump. Often, a festival (sound, film, poetry, or otherwise) will self-destruct after the first inevitably disastrous year, and if it survives that, it may coast along on sheer enthusiasm for another two instalments before fading without fanfare into festival history books (yet unwritten). Like a baby turtle or a sperm, the festival that lives on after its initial burst of vitality is a rarity. *send + receive* has made it over the hump — a series of humps, actually — and the question is: now what?

This year was supposed to be Steve Bates's last year as artistic director, as was last year. He just can't seem to leave, and nobody is under any illusion that, at present, *send + receive* could survive a





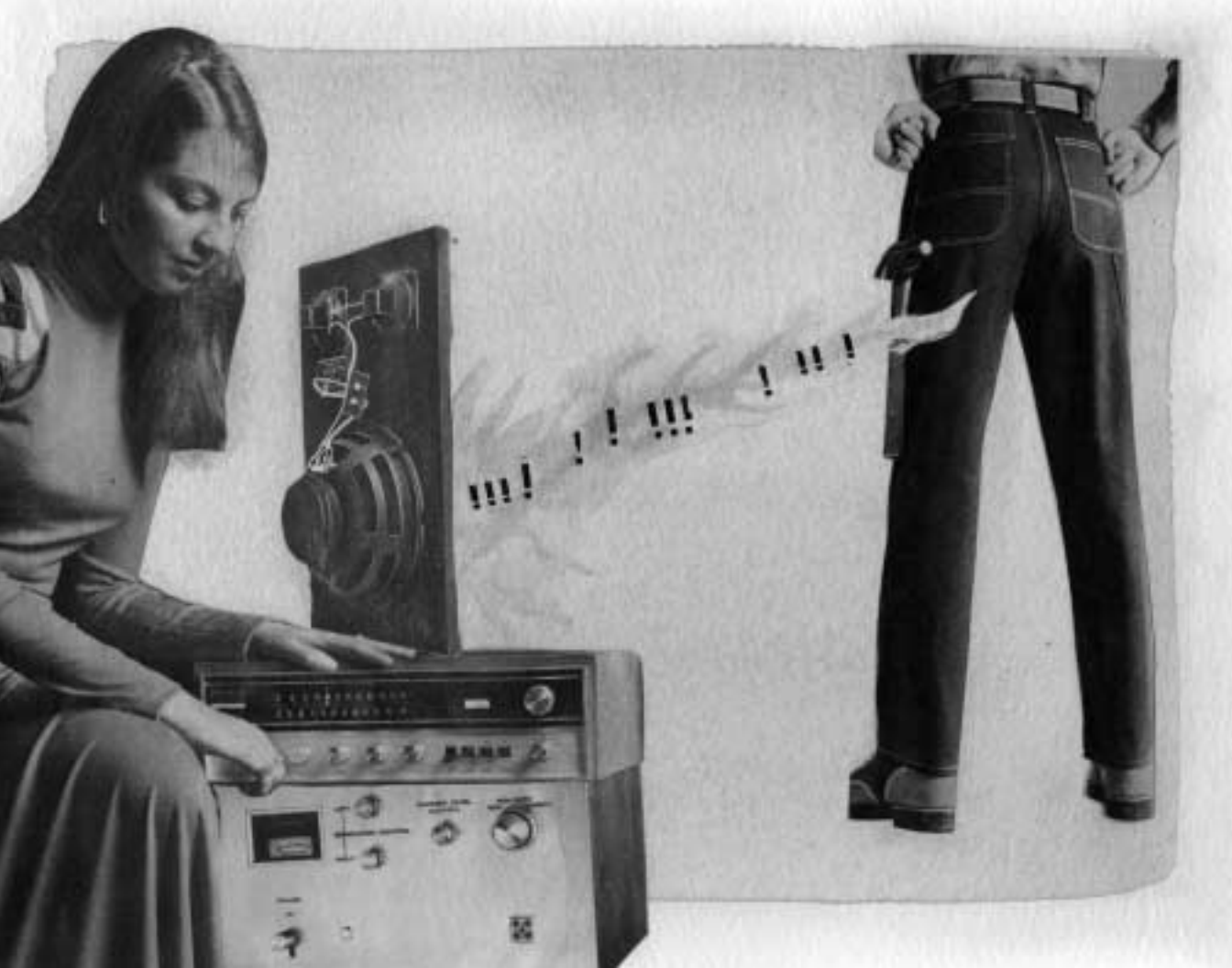
OTOMO YOSHIHIDE, *send + receive*, photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

day without him. But like any messiah, Steve has acolytes, and they will be taking over the festival in the years to come. I've seen these people in action, and if the festival falters in the near future, it will not be out of any lack of enthusiasm or ability from them. Like Steve, these folks can hear things we can't: the ghosts in the static.

The performers are mediums between these spirits and us. They guide us through the curtains of crackle and hiss, but delicately, using their art to allow us to discover for ourselves, and at our own pace, that we, too, possess the fineness of vision to discern the magical tones within. A communal binding tightens pleasantly around the audience — we are all members of a club now; and even though this sound artist will go on to play for other audiences in other cities, the performance is unlikely to be exactly as it was tonight. They can have their revelations, because we've had ours.

I've been to a number of *send + receive*'s events over the years. At first it was because Steve Bates was a friend of mine and a generally admirable fellow, and to me, what he thought was cool was probably well worth checking out. I'll here admit that some of the stuff I heard hurt my ears, and that I sat there growing steadily angrier at what I perceived was an art form at best self-indulgent (though what worthwhile art is not?) and at worst openly disdainful of (even sadistic towards) its audience. Between harsh crackles and unbelievably loud humming noises at one particular show, I decided that sound art was a scam of the very worst sort: one perpetrated by

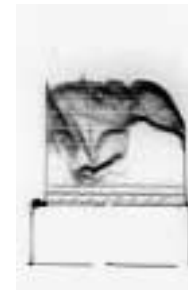




people in complete earnest, who thought they were making art but were in fact just making noise.

My position has since changed quite radically, but I'll defend that earlier decision with the excuse that my ears were bleeding at the time and it was difficult to think straight. Good sound art, I've learned (or at least the sound art I like), doesn't attack the ears at all, but bypasses them completely and heads straight for the gut. Sitting in the audience at a good show, your body sometimes begins to vibrate from the deepest regions on out, ending at the tips of your toes and fingers and straightened-out hairs. But part of it stays in the gut, pounding and rattling the walls like a meat piledriver and playing a nasty *martellato* on your digestive tract. A particularly cunning sound artist, like Otomo Yoshihide for instance, could, were he so inclined, cause an entire roomful of people to spontaneously shit their pants.

But he wouldn't do that. I know this because I've also learned over the last few years that very few sound artists are sadists. On the whole, rather, they seem like lovely people. Humble, too: they often project an air of pleased bewilderment that anyone would take the time and effort to attend their complicated performances. It's terribly endearing, and a perfect counterpoint to the frequently ear-splitting and discordant sounds they produce. They sometimes structure their performances like magic acts, with long passages of monotone thrum erupting — blossoming — into something new and unexpected, but





send + receive, photo ALICIA SMITH, 2003

at the same time remaining a completely logical evolution from what had come before. You nod sagely without realizing why, but deep down you've acknowledged that this artist has scored major insights that you've never figured out before: "This sound follows that sound," for instance, or "These two apparently disparate frequencies actually mix perfectly together." All art is ultimately juxtaposition, with the artist simply being the first to notice the æsthetic value of element *a* beside element *b*; sound art takes this one step further and juxtaposes entire disciplines. It's a rewarding thing to be a part of.

send + receive is thus a venue of delightful and unexpected discovery, and unlike an art gallery or a movie theatre, the mysteries are only revealed when, and importantly, if, the artist chooses they be. Every show is different, I would imagine, with its own set of revelations. Even then, of course, to most people it will still only be noise. But that's their problem.





The Collective Memory

When old friends and partners in crime get together to muse over ancient history, the episodes and details emerge and vanish, polished and tweaked by mob veracity. The people who smoked too much pot forget certain sequences, but there's always someone with a photographic memory for names and places. Maybe someone has "selective memory," blocking out those disappointing moments in the way we all do to cope with the present. But there's always a peer in the pack who reminds everyone of the time you drunkenly skinny-dipped in the murky Red River, howling at the moon and the trains crossing the bridge overhead. This is the collective memory, and while it may not be archival quality, it makes for damn good kitchen party conversation.

Organizations have collective memories too. Some of them, like outgoing Conservative governments, shred their memory banks. But at the Artist-Run Video Co-Operative, an expatriate who portaged

NOAM GONICK is a filmmaker whose first art piece was a videotape entitled *Exit/Portal*. It is available in the Video Pool library.

VERN HUMIE Obsessively Immanent, 1982, 12:00





GORDIE AGAR, Photo BEVERLY LOUISE TUPPER

her canoe out of Peg City years ago can always return to a collegial embrace, share tales of the art world from afar, discuss the advantages of Final Cut Pro over AVID DV Studio, and drink room temperature beer for a donation of two dollars.

Video Pool, like MAWA (Mentoring Artists for Women's Art) and COUNTERPARTS (the Winnipeg Gay and Lesbian Film Festival), came into this world as the spawn of Plug In gallery. The original Plugettes, self-styled *enfants terribles* Doug Sigurdson (who would go on to a lifetime tenure at P.O. Box 1047/K1P 5V8) and Suzanne Gillies (she of very thin eyebrows and very thick skin), purchased a half-inch open reel Sony Porta-Pac to document visiting performers, like The Kipper Kids (one of whom would later marry Bette Midler). Their mantra "Document or Perish" taken to heart, they taped just about everything that went down during this seminal punk rock phase of the gallery. Plug In was a hangout for spiky-haired creatures of the night like Wayne Baerwaldt (who at the time was terrorizing the city with his two identical brothers, Teutonic Saskatchewan boys running wild in search of an education and action). There was also Gordie Agar, the poet/performance artist who went on to become the archivist for The Runaways. Taking their cue from the early Andy Warhol endurance films, Doug and Suzanne's tapes were ephemeral in the extreme, with the same spool of half-inch tape being bulk-erased and reused every day. The narrative would generally focus on a young gallery visitor, like Sid (Winnipeg's "it-boy" of 1978),





GERRY KISIL Ballistics, 1981, 07:49

tracking/stalking said visitor with the jaundiced electronic video eye as he went about his business.

Jon Tupper, the new wave honcho-curator who took over the reigns of Plug In from Doug and Suzie after they left on the General Idea bus, remembers, "Reid Dickie and Linda Tooley were in charge of the Plug In Video Group — well they were actually the whole group — and it needed to expand. Plug In had no real mandate as a production facility, so its equipment didn't make sense."

CUT TO: A frozen Lake Winnipeg where Vern Hume is sitting in a director's chair making a videotape on the subject of left and leaving, that still-potent theme: getting out of Winnipeg. Alex Poruchnyk, a University of Manitoba sculpture grad, had just returned to the city after doing his Master's degree, bringing home a fervour for video. Together with Gerry Kisil and Jon Tupper back at Plug In, they started Video Pool by literally pooling together Plug In's equipment with Gerry's and Al's. Moving into a space above The Happy Cooker in Osborne Village (a cooking supply store later razed by arson), they shared the rent with Jeff Gillman, who was running a music program-cum-party space named Praxis. It was here, between jam sessions and speakeasies, that Vern and Al developed the concept of credit hours in return for volunteer hours — a system still used and abused to this day at Video Pool. The festivities helped provide cash flow, until a huge police bust during a Good Friday booze can shut Praxis down.

Funding this new enterprise was a problem. The prevailing wisdom





ALEX PORUCHNYK Cube to Tube, 1979, 01:46

at the Canada Council Visual Arts section, which had responsibility for media arts, was that video access in three cities was enough. If an aspiring Nam June Paik lived in Halifax or Winnipeg, he could get grants to travel to Vancouver, Toronto, or Montreal to produce and edit his tapes.

Enter Tom Sherman, an American draft dodger and culturecrat of the highest order. He became the video officer at the Canada Council and established the Media Arts Section. Touring places where there was no support for video, General Sherman recalls, "Canada was still in a bad recession at the time, and Canada Council funding was stagnant overall. In order to put money into new centres, other already-funded centres would have to be frozen or held to very small increases. I felt it was important to include the prairies in a national network of video cooperatives. I recommended start-up operations funds for Video Pool and EM Media in Calgary simultaneously. Both scenes were vibrant, unique, and deserved Council support." Under Sherman's watch, Video Pool got its initial operations grant of \$15,000.

What Tom Sherman did not know during that visit to Winnipeg was that Tupper and Al Rushton, another notorious provocateur, had stocked the joint with faux video artists from all walks of life to lend the appearance that video was bursting at the seams. Sherman had the last laugh, however, as many of these otherwise painters and thespians such as Grant Guy, Jeff Funnell, and Barb Hunt would go on to create works on video.

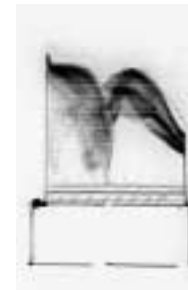




RYAN TAKATSU *Pompidoleum*, 1978, 06:37

IRCAM, the electro-acoustic research centre at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, was a model being examined by governments worldwide as an example of a centre for excellence in the nascent world of new media. *Pompidoleum* (1978) by Ryan Takatsu was an abstract video meditation on the museum's ultramodern architecture designed by Rogers and Piano (1972–1976). Winnipeg's small but ardent collective of video artists wanted to connect, in the tradition of Fluxus artist Robert Filiou's Eternal Network, to a very new medium, which has only now become omnipotent in the contemporary art world (witness the 2001 Venice Biennale, where video projectors far outnumbered canvases).

"If media was going to have a future in Winnipeg, the next hurdle was creating a community of video artists," says Gerry Kisil, who was then Video Pool's sole employee. To do this, Video Pool moved onto Princess Street in the Exchange District, joining an already active bohemian scene: Walter Lewyk's legendary illegal after-hours Lithium Café, Mid-Continental Magazine (scandalous for distributing free "pornography" to public school libraries), Ace Art, and the Winnipeg Film Group. A series of workshops was launched to lure interested young hipsters without formal art training: enter Alethea Lahofer and Hope (then Susan) Peterson, as well as art school grads and professors like Doug Melnyk and Diane Whitehouse who were looking to learn the medium. Kisil: "There was no history, no right or wrong way of doing anything, no reason to say no to anything."





MICHAEL DRABOT Technodisiac, 1988, 14:00

Anything anybody wanted to do we did. It was a lot of fun.” This heady mix of kids with bright ideas and artists unfamiliar with technology evolved into the immediate and raw look of the Winnipeg art video aesthetic.

When Joan Jarvis approached the Board about the concept of an Artspace Building — an art hospital where many organizations could co-exist — Video Pool immediately came onside, one of the first organizations to do so. The idea of having a studio space for production was enticing, so Michael Drabot designed the current facility on the west side of the third floor of 100 Arthur Street. Drabot would later administrate Video Pool without a salary during a state of financial crisis. He now manages PS Manitoba, the largest motion picture equipment house in Winnipeg.

Now that videotape was being generated, audiences needed to be found. The “Video Pool Drive Ins” were the brainchild of Tanis Kyle, inspired by Al Poruchnyck’s drive-in art video documentary. These outdoor screenings attracted the neighbouring members of the Winnipeg Film Group, who anticipated the blurring of film and video, with their parallel skills set and time-based relationship. Time will tell whether the divided third floor of Artspace merges into one.

As the equipment vault started to swell, watchdogs were needed to keep everything strapped down. Before our current well-oiled system courtesy of artist/equipment coordinator Rick Fisher, some interesting types held vigil over the gear. Mike Milo, a striking skinhead from out



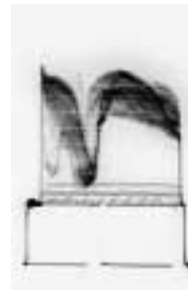


THE ROYAL ART LODGE/DRUE & MYLES LANGLOIS Video Videola, 1998, :25:00
Compiled by Michael Dumontier

West, slowly converted to Islam while signing out cameras and tripods. I have no idea where he is now, but he changed his name to Mohammed.

Back in the earliest days of the Plug In Video Group, a young woman named Val Moon pointed her low-fi black and white tube camera out the window to shoot an entire evening's snow wafting under streetlamps. She called this Zen-like piece *Video Snow*. Flash-forward and the renamed Val Klassen takes charge of Video Pool as the longest-running administrator in the organization's history. At times playing the role of den mother, Val oversaw a period of growth at Video Pool in terms of budget, staff, and resources, as well as the period of the most lesbian art, with Shawna Dempsey and Lorri Millan's prolific output. In this era, Ken Gregory brought audio art into Video Pool's mandate, and now the Pool has spawned its own child, the *send + receive festival of sound*.

Video Pool now distributes work covering the last twenty years of Winnipeg's artistic output, as well as tapes by videomakers from around the world. Wendy Geller, another ex-pat based in the States, supplied Video Pool with a healthy diet of eating disorder tapes. The library (now managed by performance artist/videomaker Alethea Lahofer, temporarily known as Teresa Seraphina) features work from the Royal Art Lodge and a whole new power generation, many of whom studied under Professor Poruchnyk at the University of Manitoba. Poruchnyk is still legendary for his ability to reduce every single Video Pool staff member to tears over the last twenty years.





RYAN TAKATSU Pempidoleum, 1978, 06.37

Perhaps the history of Video Pool has just begun. Graham Asmundson, an arts administrator whose personal transformations rival those of Video Pool's, and whose wondrous name changes have kept everyone guessing, has taken over the helm. If you want to know the dish on him, you'll have to catch up with me at the next kitchen party.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

TOM SHERMAN teaches media art history, theory and practice in the Department of Art Media Studies/TransMedia at Syracuse University.

JOHN TUPPER is the Residence and Art Gallery director of the Confederation Arts Centre in Charlottetown, PEI. He is still a honcho.

GERRY KISIL went on to work at EM MEDIA. He now teaches at the Alberta College of Art and Design in Calgary.

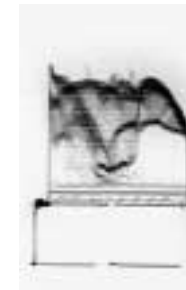
AL PORUCHNYK teaches video at the University of Manitoba. Somewhere along Highway 500 you may discover his latest underground tomb-like installation.





Photo: TOOTS TOEWS, 1998

Bon voyage et bonne chance!



Val Klassen came to Video Pool after working in the peace movement. She became an indispensable part of the VP team, bringing a wonderful combination of life experience, enthusiasm, and administrative skills to the organization. She was employed by Video Pool for over ten years, first as Poolside Editor, then as the Distribution Coordinator and, for the past eight years, as Director. During this period we have seen our facilities, membership, and activities grow exponentially. Under Val's leadership we have eliminated our deficit, embarked on international touring exhibitions, undertaken ongoing programming, and moved into the digital realm. Her sharp intellect, caring heart, and keen diplomatic skills will be greatly missed. Fortunately, however, Val's departure from the front office will give her more time to produce art and she will remain an active member. Heartfelt thanks for all your work, Val, and best wishes for the future. See you around the Pool!



PHOTO STEVE BURI

Helen K. Wright

November 2, 1937 – February 6, 2003



At age 65, Helen was Video Pool's most senior producing member. We fondly remember her generosity and dedication as an enthusiastic volunteer, staff member, video artist, and good friend.

With love and gratitude,
Video Pool

Video Pool Awards

Wendy Geller Fund

In memory of Wendy Geller and in dedication to her commitment to the artistic community, the Geller family has generously established the Wendy Geller Fund. Administered through Video Pool twice annually, this fund is designed to assist Video Pool members who require extra funding in the completion of independent works. Two \$500 awards are granted each year. Applications are juried by three individuals: a Video Pool board member, a Video Pool member, and a member of the arts community at large. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in

making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vpotech@videopool.org

DEADLINES April 15, 2004 and November 15, 2004

Media Production Fund

The Media Production Fund was established in 1995 to aid Video Pool's membership in the production of video, audio, or computer productions. It is available to any Video Pool member at any stage of their development. This fund may be used for new productions or as a finishing fund. Recipients receive a \$1,500 grant of equipment at student, user, or producer rates depending upon membership and \$400 of video/audio tapes and/or disks. Applicants can be board members of Video Pool but may not include themselves in board matters pertaining to the fund. Commercial projects will not be considered. Students may apply but not for class projects. Four awards are granted each year (two per deadline).

Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vpotech@videopool.org

DEADLINES April 15, 2004 and November 15, 2004

First Video Fund

The First Video Fund is set up to aid the Video Pool membership in the production of new video. It is designed to help novice video producers and artists who have not worked in the video medium. Applicants are expected to submit a completed application form, resume, budget, support material, and full documentation of the project they hope to undertake. Works in progress will not be accepted, and an applicant's second video will be eligible only at the discretion of the jury. The program will be juried by a Video Pool board member, a member of the arts community, and a Video Pool member. Successful recipients get free tape stock, equipment,

and space use, personal artistic development, technical training, and a mentor for the duration of the project. Pieces should be completed within one year of receiving the fund. Video Pool is required to be mentioned in the credits of the piece, and the recipient must provide two copies of the tape: one for the Video Pool library and one for Video Pool distribution. Video Pool will retain the rights to distribute the piece for 24 months. Details regarding the fund are under review, with guidelines available in the spring of 2004. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Education Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 4. vped@videopool.org

DEADLINE June 1, 2004

Artist in Residence

Video Pool's Artist in Residence program provides experimental opportunities to member artists of various disciplines, including performance, interdisciplinary, audio, video, and/or computer-based work. The residency functions as a laboratory seeking to facilitate the artist's process of investigation and creation, that may or may not result in the completion of a work. Artists are selected on the basis of the quality of their work and the proposed project's suitability to Video Pool's available resources (equipment and facilities). Priority is given to artists seeking to explore new directions in their work. The Artist in Residence is awarded \$4,000 in equipment credit, a \$3,000 artist's fee, \$2,000 in technician's fees, and \$1,400 in video/audio tapes or disks. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vpotech@videopool.org

DEADLINE November 1, 2004



Emerging Audio Artist Fund Video Pool's Emerging Audio Artist Fund was developed to aid its membership in the production of new audio works. The Emerging Audio Artist Fund is designed to provide a year of exploration for emerging audio artists. Applicants must submit a budget, complete application form, support material, resume, and a full project description. The jury for this program is comprised of a Video Pool member, a member of the arts community, and a Video Pool board member. Successful recipients of this fund receive free Video Pool equipment and space use, tape stock, some workshops and technical training, and the guidance of a mentor for one year. The audio pieces are expected to be completed within one year of receiving the fund, with Video Pool mentioned in the credits, whatever form that might take. Two copies are delivered to Video Pool upon completion, as the organization will retain the rights to distribute the work for 24 months. Some details of this fund are under review, but the guidelines will be made available

in Spring 2004. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Education Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 4. vped@videopool.org

DEADLINE June 1, 2004

Applications

Application forms can be picked up at Video Pool or downloaded from the website at www.videopool.org.

Curatorial Projects

Video Pool welcomes enquiries and proposals for new projects on an ongoing basis. For more information, please contact the Distribution Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext. 2.

Video Pool Distribution New Acquisitions

Urge, The, Angus, Chris, 2003,
1:45, Video, CA

Hodge Podge, Bampton, Brooke,
2003, 6:00, Video, CA

Mutual Cadence, Barnard, John,
2003, 1:30, Video, CA



MUTUAL CADENCE, John Barnard

A Miracle, Barrow, Daniel, 2003,
2:52, Video, CA

Pluie Derisoire, Beaudry, Sylvie,
2003, 1:58, Video, CA

Rub, Borden, Anne, and Mentlik,
Gail, 2002, 1:30, Video, CA

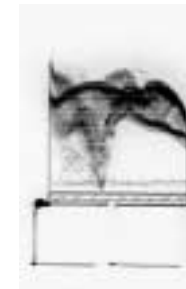
Stranded, Bradley, Maureen, 2003,
3:52, Video, CA

Out My Window, Chernick, Myrel,
2002, 17:00, Video, CA

Gods, Cook, Travis, 2002, 2:45,
Video, CA



PLUIE DERISOIRE, Sylvie Beaudry



with worry as with fear, Eidse, Vanessa, 2002, 27:30, Video, CA

Buck for Sale, Eyres, Erica, 2002, 5:00, Video, CA

Minnie, Eyres, Erica, 2002, 4:33, Video, CA

Missing Horse, Eyres, Erica, 2003, 13:12, Video, CA,

WeII, Finnigan, Elvira, 2003, 1:00, Video, CA

De Sable et d'eau, Giot, Laetitia, 2002, 2:46, Video, CA



ELEVATIONS, Zarah Laszlo

Two Dreams, Holmes, Perry, 2003, 3:22, Video, CA

Alfred, Kennedy, Shauna, 2002, 3:30, Video, CA

Long Shadow Passing, Kennedy, Shauna, 2002, 5:00, Video, CA

Tale of an Existential Faerie in Love with the Fall, Laszlo, Zarah, 2003, 12:00, Video, CA

The Jealous Rooms, Laszlo, Zarah, 2002, 10:30, Video, CA

elevations, Laszlo, Zarah, 2003, 6:20, Video, CA

mp-mf, Lussier, Veronica, 2003, 6:56, Video, CA

Location, Lussier, Veronica, 2003, 2:52, Video, CA

Electric Norman, MacDonald, Collin Ward, 2002, 4:30, Video, CA

Visge Beo, MacDonald, Collin Ward, 2002, 81:00, Video, CA

L'iminal, Mackenzie, Lesley, 2003, 7:41, Video, CA

Roc Roc Chicken Hawk, MacPherson, Erika, and Lawson, Stephen, 2003, 13:55, Video, CA

Can You Hear Me?, Mehra, Divya, 2002, 6:30, Video, CA

fack, Mehra, Divya, 2003, 2:30, Video, CA

Not in Here, Mehra, Divya, 2002, 1:15, Video, CA



ROC ROC CHICKEN HAWK, Erika MacPherson and Stephen Lawson



FACK, Divya Mehra

Hello, Police Station?, Mehra, Divya, 2002, 2:00, Video, CA

Don't Ride Shopping Carts, Patterson, Graeme, 2002, 24:46, Video, CA

Seven Stars for the Soul's Seven Holy Stations, Power, Craig Francis, 2003, 15:00, Video, CA

Memory Pictures, Prince, Victoria, 2003, 6:00, Video, CA

Teratology, Prince, Victoria, 2003, 2:00, Video, CA

Nature Abhors, Prince, Victoria, 2003, 0:52, Video, CA

My Heart the Slayer, Prince, Victoria, 2003, 3:00, Video, CA

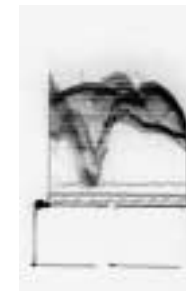
The Particular Perversion that seeks the Meaning of Existence., Prince, Victoria, 2003, 0:25, Video, CA

Happy Birthday, Prince, Victoria, 2002, 6:30, Video, CA

Dancing Skeletons, Prince, Victoria, 2002, 1:00, Video, CA



THE SCIENTIST, Victoria Prince





JE ME SOUVIENS, Matthew Rankin

Kevin Frederick
Kills a Whol Bunch of People,
Prince, Victoria, 2003, 0:52, Video,
CA

Burn Survivor, Prince, Victoria,
2003, 3:00, Video, CA

Geek Love & Freedom Fries,
Prince, Victoria , 2003, 3:00, Video,
CA

Tomato Eyes, Prince, Victoria,
2003, 0:52, Video, CA

The Scientist, Prince, Victoria,
2003, 5:20, Video, CA

Video Peace, QUIDAM, 2003,
28:26, Video, CA

Je Me Souviens, Rankin, Matthew,
2003, 4:30, Video, CA

Overdose, Rechaussat, Cecile,
2003, 6:10, Video, CA

Nature Abhors a Vacuum,
Shimonek, Nicole, 2003, 2:20, Video,
CA

Stalking Tomatoes (not
celery), Shimonek, Nicole, 2003,
3:16, Video, CA

Paint is Pigment and Binding,
Shimonek, Nicole, 2003, 1:00, Video,
CA

Workout with Nikki and
Vikki, Shimonek, Nicole, 2003,
7:30, Video, CA



YORK BOAT PROJECT, Katharina Stieffenhoffer



WACK SHADE EPISODE: MOVING DAY, Thiessen and
Talarico

Line, Shimonek, Nicole, 2003, 8:10,
Video, CA

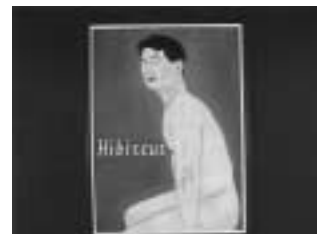
Fresh Air, Sister Dorothy, 2003,
2:10, Video, CA

Long Story, Sister Dorothy, 2003,
3:39, Video, CA

One Lada Bag, Sister Dorothy,
2003, 3:31, Video, CA

Becoming, Stevens, Sharon, 2003,
3:27, Video, CA

York Boat Project, Stieffenhofer,
Katharina, 2003, 22:30, Video, CA



STILL LIVES (IN THE AMERICAS), Ho Tam

Still Lives (In The Americas),
Tam, Ho, 2003, 20:00, Video, CA

Approaching Abjection, Tam,
Ho, 2003, 6:00, Video, CA

She Was Cuba, Tam, Ho, 2003,
16:25, Video, CA

Self Portrait as a Teletubby,
Tapper, Evan, 2003, 3:00, Video, CA

Graphic Material, Tapper, Evan,
2003, 0:50, Video, CA

My Hero, Tapper, Evan, 2003, 1:00,
Video, CA

Wack Shack Episode:
Moving Day, Thiessen Julia;
Talarico, Sean, 2003, 10:00, Video, CA

Wack Shack Episode:
Trapped on Earth, Thiessen,
Julia; Talarico, Sean, 2003, 5:00,
Video, CA

Reason To Believe, Ududec,
Graham, 2002, 6:00, Video, CA

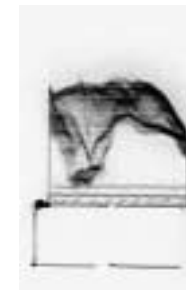
Dis/closure, Weijs Harlyn, 2002,
1:00, Video, CA

ode to dad, Weijs, Harlyn, 2002,
9:00, Video, CA

duet for piano, Weijs, Harlyn,
2002, 4:00, Video, CA



REASON TO BELIEVE, Graham Ududec



Video Pool

Mandate

Video Pool is a non-profit, charitable, artist-run centre dedicated to independent video, audio, and computer integrated multi-media production. Founded in 1983, Video Pool has a membership of over 300 individuals and non-profit organizations.

Video Pool exists to provide independent video producers, non-profit organizations, and community groups with public presentation opportunities and access to professional video and media equipment and training opportunities at reasonable rates.

Mission

To encourage the use of video, multi-media, and electronic technologies as an artistic and educational practice for the advancement and enrichment of the community.

Video Pool has several categories of memberships that serve the various needs of the community.

Membership

■ GENERAL MEMBERSHIP \$20

Receives regular mailings on upcoming workshops and programming, and our publication, POOLSIDE magazine.

■ USER MEMBERSHIP \$50

Receives the same benefits as the general member plus the ability to rent production equipment and use the editing and multimedia facilities.

■ STUDENT MEMBERSHIP \$20

Receives the same benefits as the user member plus a discount on rental fees.

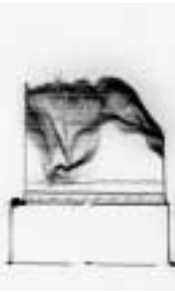
■ GROUP OR PRODUCER MEMBERSHIP \$60

Receives the same benefits as the user member plus reduced rates on rental fees. Discounted rates are only for projects where the artist holds the copyright. Producer Members are the only members who have the right to vote at the Annual General Meeting where the Board of Directors and the direction of the organization are

decided. To become a Producer Member, an artist must be a member for one year and then apply for producer membership. The Producer Members meet quarterly to discuss issues relevant to the activities of Video Pool.

■ WINNIPEG FILM GROUP/ VIDEO POOL JOINT MEMBERSHIPS \$70

As a result of an agreement between Video Pool and the Winnipeg Film Group, Video Pool Producer members in good standing may now purchase Winnipeg Film Group Full User memberships for \$45 (half price). In return, Full User Winnipeg Film Group members in good standing may purchase Video Pool memberships for \$25.



Board of Directors 2003

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VICE PRESIDENT

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Wendy Buelow

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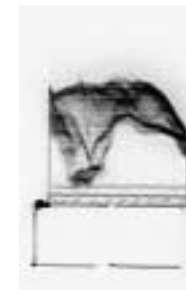
EDUCATION COORDINATOR

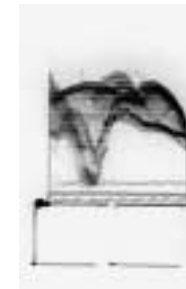
Jeff Erbach

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Flip book: *Waves of Love*

BY SIMON HUGHES

The waveform monitor is used in the editing suite to calibrate the levels of luminance in a video image. It creates an abstracted view of whatever is seen on-screen, as it sees only light and dark, and not content. Here the cool eye of the waveform is turned on an amateur adult film that boasts "Vancouver's Hottest Couples."



A R T S P A C E

A multi-disciplinary centre
in the heart of Winnipeg's
Exchange District

Artspace provides production, administration and public display areas for the benefit of artists, arts groups and citizens of Manitoba.

Artspace is an arts centre in Winnipeg's historic Exchange District, cooperatively managed by its member groups.



Artspace gratefully acknowledges the support of Manitoba Culture, Heritage and Tourism, the City of Winnipeg, corporate and individual donors.

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